

[illegible]

Keeping His Credit.
 "There's only one reason, old man, why I'll resist against the proposed income tax."
 "Only one reason, eh?"
 "Yes. You see, my kiefing makes people think I have an income." — Brooklyn Life.

A Larger Class.
 Miss Willing (meaningly)—Do you know they are talking of putting a tax on old backs?"
 Mr. Bondler (more meaningly)—They would raise more revenue if they'd taxed all the old married men who wish they were single.—Life.

The Silver Lining.
 She was a bright, light-hearted little woman, and when her husband failed

she tried to make the best of it. For hours after receiving the sad news she sought some comfort in her own thoughts.

"Oh, it isn't so bad being poor, after all," she laughed. *ACT IV.*

Her husband looked at her inquiringly.

"Why?" asked he, grimly.

"Because," announced the little woman, confident that she had chivalled upon a shred of the silver lining to the dark cloud—"because we won't have any servants to bother about!"—*Harpers Bazar.*

Another Sister.

"And you cannot be anything more than a sister, can you?"

"Nothing more."

"Then I will propose to somebody else."

"All right. I have no objection to your having another sister."—*Demorest's Magazine.*

Grounds for Suspicion.

Maudie: How long after Nettie married him did she begin to suspect that he was not a real nobleman?

Jennie:—It was when she noticed that

EASTERN JEALOUSY.



"Well, now, if that don't beat all. I've just been readin' about them Colorado rain makers, and now I see they've got a clearing house in New York!"—Life.

Horrible Rumor.

Little Frances came home from the kindergarten and announced that she had refused to take hold of Freddy Brown's hand when the circle was formed.

"Why was that, Frances?" asked mamma.

"Because, mamma," replied the indignant little lady, "I heard a rumor that Freddy Brown squeezes little girls' hands."—Judge.

The Boy Was Posted.

Mrs. Gudd (hostess)—Your little son does not seem to have much appetite.

"You don't like my, my little man?"
 Little Man: No! No. You see, mama
 made me eat a hull lot before we
 started so I wouldn't make a pig of
 myself.—Tid-Bits.

 "Compensation."
 Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Brown has had
 such an experience! Arrested for shop-
 lifting! All a mistake, of course.
 Mrs. Jones—I suppose she must have
 been very much annoyed?
 Mrs. Smith—Not at all. The papers
 all said she was "of prepossessing ap-
 pearance."—Puck.

 "A Kind Husband."
 She—This aluminum must be a won-
 derful thing.
 He—What is it?
 She—Why it's the lightest material that
 can be used.
 "Why don't you try some in your
 bread?"—Yonkers Statesman.

 Love Vats.
 Miss Philo (sweetly)—I don't remem-
 ber when you made your debut dear,
 years and years ago.
 Miss Cautious (more sweetly)—How?
 "Thoughtful you are, Son, I couldn't
 begin to remember when you made
 yours.—Chicago Record.

 Just a Police Investigation.
 Karlehorn—Papa, is the lieutenant a
 sailor?
 Father—No, my boy. What's ever made
 you think so?

A Just Man.

Belle—Why have you given my little brother a package of those nasty

Suiter—Because he hangs around the parlor all the time I am calling on you, and he just makes me sick!"—Hillo.

Jinks' Hot Snap.

Winks—I notice that your barber always talks to you in French. I didn't know that you understood that language.

Jinks—Well, I don't; but you needn't tell him so.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Smart Boy.

"You are going to try your hand at skating, are you?" said a boy. "Thirdly, what is your name?" "Presley Fangle going toward the pond."

"No, sir, going to try my feet at it," replied the boy.—Harper's Bazar.

Elimination.

The world is better far,
When you are out of it.

When two fools married are—
For then they are made one.
—Judge.

"There may be some good, after all, even in a dog-catcher," mused young Mr. Sparkleigh, as he watched the kidnapping of old Ruffop's favorite bull terrier.—N. Y. World.

A Query.

Miss Oldone—Oh, yes. I am related to the great Queen Anne, you know.

Mr. Selfmade—Oh, indeed? Which sisters?—Truth.